A trail of fire for Dr. Who begins inside!

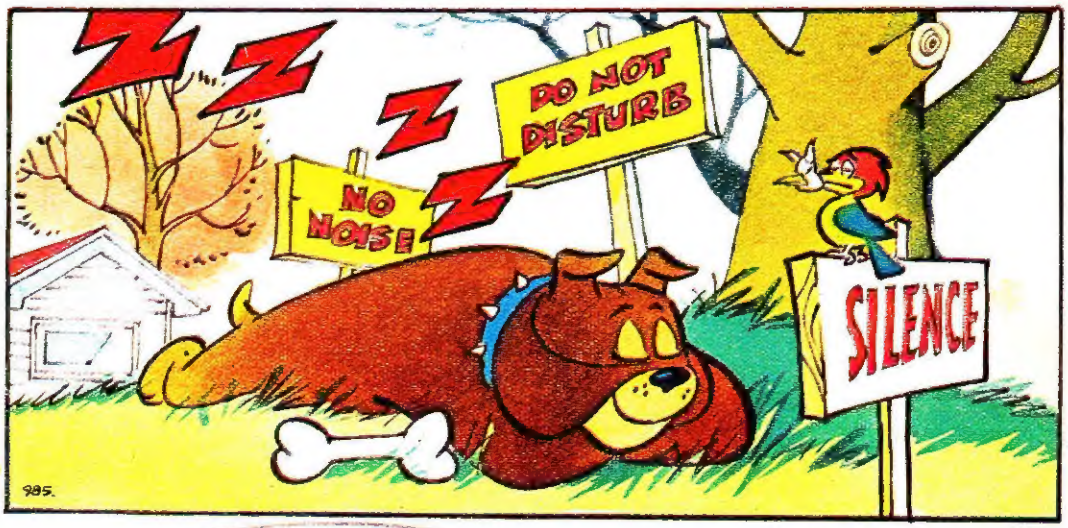
TV COMIC

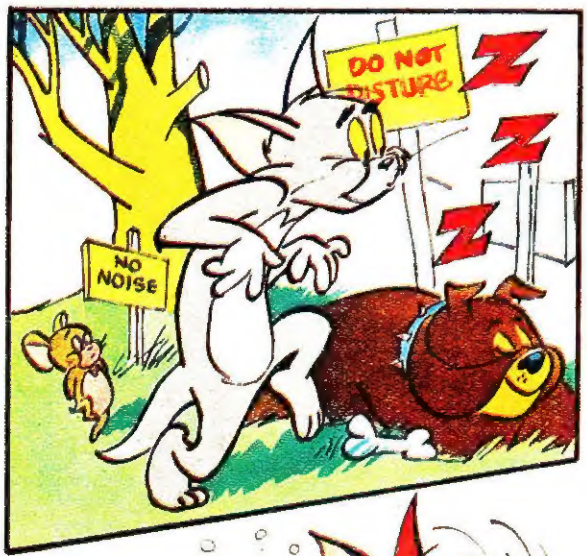
9d

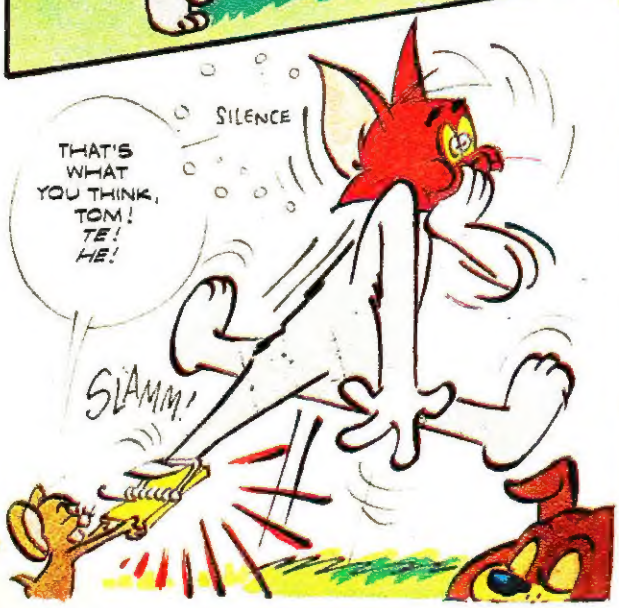
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

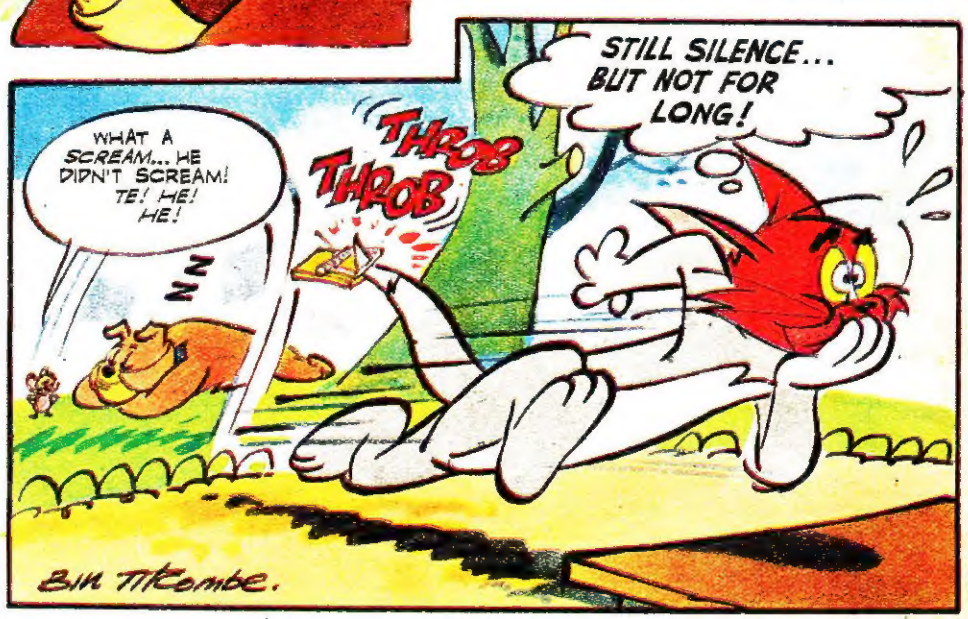
Every Monday | Week Ending 31st October, 1970 | Number 985

TOM and JERRY









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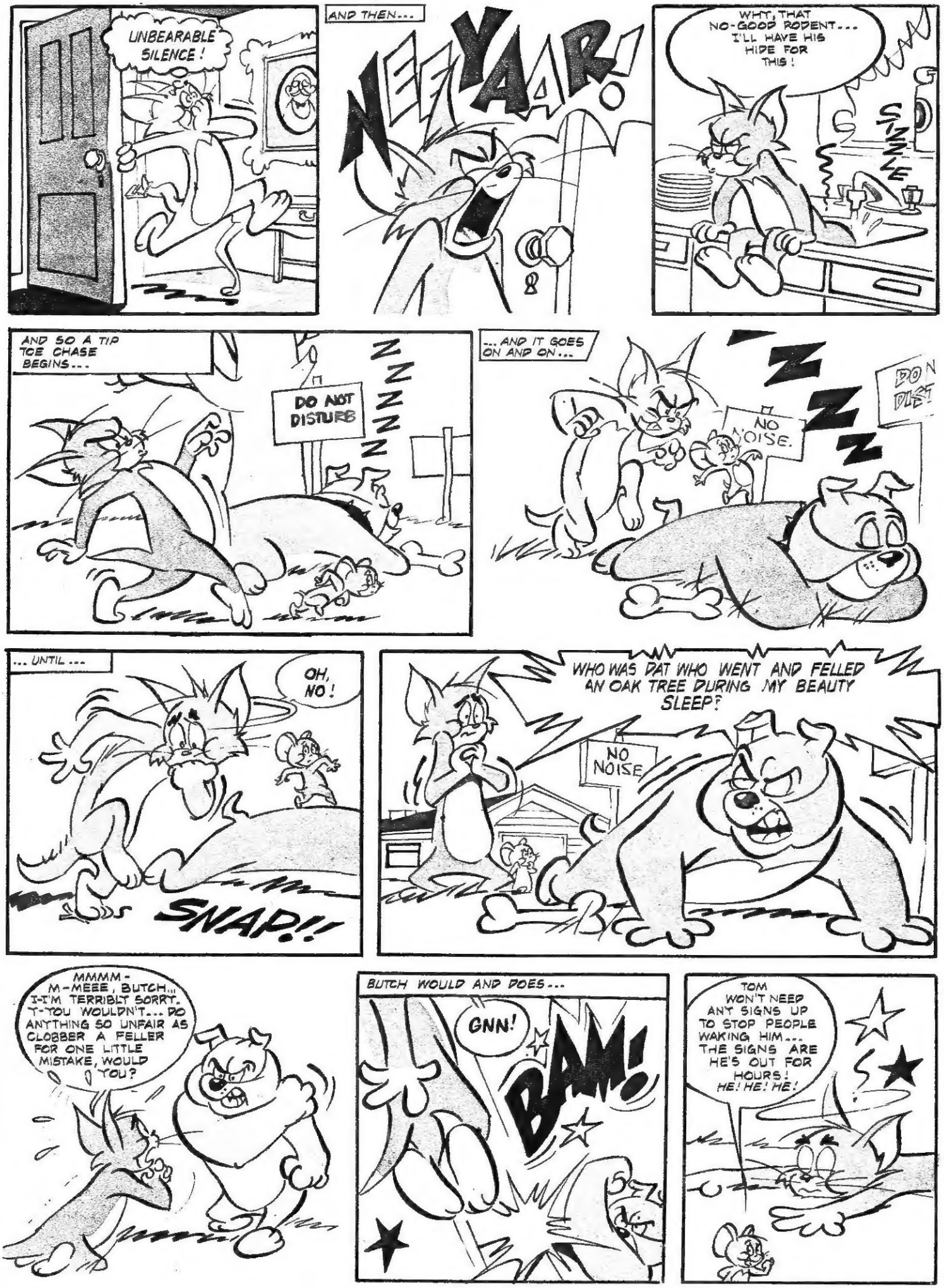
More of this 'tail' on page 2.


UNBEARABLE SILENCE!
AND THEN...
NEEYAAR!
WHAT, THAT NO-GOOD RODENT... I'LL HAVE HIS HIDE FOR THIS!
SIZZLE
AND SO A TIP TOE CHASE BEGINS...
DO NOT DISTURB
ZZZZZZ
... AND IT GOES ON AND ON...
NO NOISE.
... UNTIL ...
OH, NO!
SNAP!!
WHO WAS DAT WHO WENT AND FELLED AN OAK TREE DURING MY BEAUTY SLEEP?
NO NOISE
MMMM - M-MEEE, BUTCH... I-I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. T-YOU WOULDN'T... DO ANYTHING SO UNFAIR AS CLOBBER A FELLER FOR ONE LITTLE MISTAKE, WOULD YOU?
BUTCH WOULD AND DOES...
GNN!
BAM!
TOM WON'T NEED ANY SIGNS UP TO STOP PEOPLE WAKING HIM... THE SIGNS ARE HE'S OUT FOR HOURS! HE! HE! HE!

Grab some laughs when Jerry is grabbed by cats next week.

TV Terrors
ON BEHALF OF THE STUDIO, I WOULD LIKE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS DIPLOMA FOR BEING THE SMARTEST DOORMAN WE'VE EVER HAD!
TUDIO
NUTS!
THANK YOU, SIR! THIS IS INDEED A PROUD MOMENT!
THE PRODUCER'S ALSO GIVEN ME THE AFTERNOON OFF SO I'M GOING HOME FOR A KIP! DON'T YOU LOT DARE WAKE ME UP!
WE'LL GO PLAT IN THE PARK!
LATER...
GLUMP!
CLUMP!
CLUMP!
GOLLY! WHAT'S THAT!
ZZ!
YIKES! IT'S HOPPIT! HE'S SLEEPWALKING!
ZZ!
HELP! HE'S SLEEPKICKING TOO!
WHUMP!
L-LOOK! HOPPIT'S GONE INTO THE POND!
WE'D BETTER STOP HIM!
SPLOSH!
ZZ!
GOSH! HOPPIT'S SOAKING NOW. WE'D BETTER HELP!
SQUELCH!
SQUELCH!
HE'LL SOON DRY OUT IN THE PARK HOTHOUSE!
ZZ!
QUICK, KIDS - TO THE DOOR AT THE OTHER END!
ZZ!
OH, HELP! LOOK AT HIS CLOTHES!
THEY'VE SHRUNK IN THE HEAT!
HOPPIT'S WAKING UP AT LAST!
HO HUM! WHERE AM I!
TEEEAAH! WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY TOGS!
JUST THEN...
HOPPIT, REALLY! HOW DARE YOU DISGRACE THE STUDIO UNIFORM!
M-M-MISTER PRODUCER! OH DEAR!
GRR! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, TERRORS! NOW I'LL PROBABLY LOSE MY DIPLOMA!
GOSH, HOPPIT, WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO HELP!
BESIDES, YOU TOLD US NOT TO DARE WAKE YOU UP!

Hoppit meets a real hopper next week—a kangaroo.

THE AVENGERS

INVESTIGATING the theft of some secret missile plans, John Steed and Tara King are following a gang of men who run a Wild West style ranch for holiday-makers when they are knocked from their horses. Then they see the familiar figure of one of the East's top secret agents . . .

NO. HE'S DRESSED FOR THE RANCH. OBVIOUSLY HE'S GOING TO STAY FOR A WHILE...PROBABLY UNTIL HE CAN MAKE A SAFE GETAWAY!
RIGHT. THAT GIVES US TIME TO GET THE PLANS BEFORE HE DOES...AND CATCH THE WHOLE GANG TOGETHER.

THEY RETURN TO THE RANCH AND AFTER WATCHING THE SPY CHECK IN, RETIRE TO THEIR ROOMS...
THOSE PLANS ARE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THIS FAKE TOWN...THE QUESTION IS – WHERE?

THEN STEED HEARS THE THUNDER OF HOOVES...
CODY AND HIS MEN... AND IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE PULLED OFF ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL ROBBERY!
GET THE STUFF TO THE STAGE ... AND THEN HIT THE SACK. WE'VE A BIG DAY TOMORROW.
HOTEL
WHAT ABOUT THE DUDE? WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE CARE OF HIM AND THE GIRL?

LATER... WHAT I'VE GOT PLANNED WILL TAKE TIME TO SET UP!
SOUNDS AS IF THEY'RE ON TO TARA AND ME. I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST. I WONDER WHAT THEY MEAN BY THE STAGE?

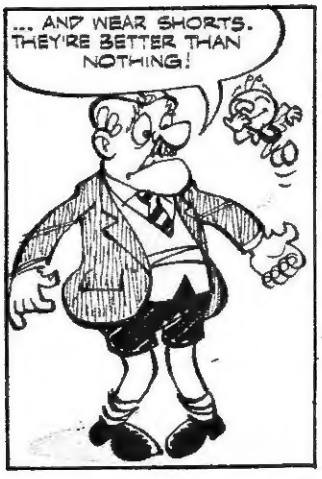
NEXT MORNING, STEED AND TARA LEAVE THE HOTEL...
CODY IS TELLING THE GUESTS ABOUT TODAY'S ENTERTAINMENTS...
SALOON
NOW IF EVERYONE WILL MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE OPEN GROUND, I'M SURE YOU'LL BE THRILLED AT THE SENSATIONAL WILD WEST SPECTACLE WE'VE ARRANGED!

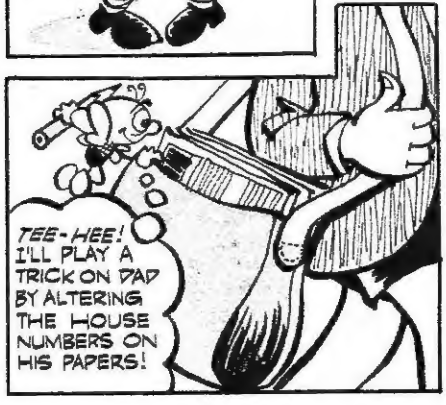
SEIZING THEIR CHANCE, TARA AND STEED SEARCH THE BUILDINGS BEHIND MAINSTREET...
WELL, WE'VE FOUND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR, TARA... BUT WHICH ONE?
QUIET, STEED... I'VE A FEELING WE'RE BEING WATCHED!

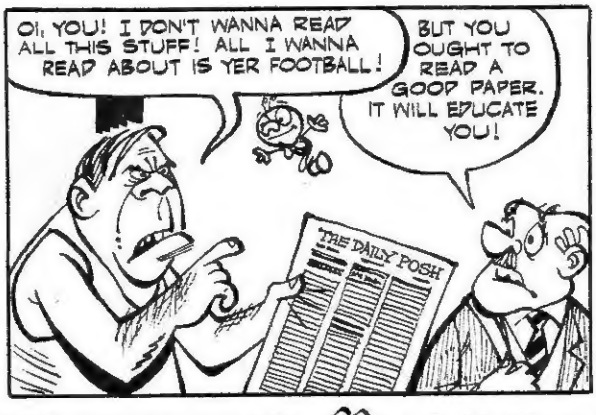
Based on the Thames Television production

A grim situation—but wait till next week!

MIGHTY MOTH





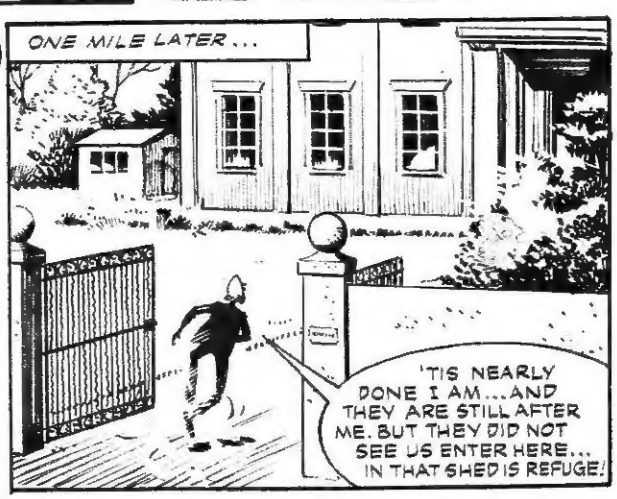

OI, YOU! I DON'T WANNA READ ALL THIS STUFF! ALL I WANNA READ ABOUT IS YER FOOTBALL!
BUT YOU OUGHT TO READ A GOOD PAPER. IT WILL EDUCATE YOU!
THE DAILY POSH

HEY, WHAT'S THIS? "WILL MR. ALBERT SCRAGG CONTACT PLINK AND PLONK, SOLICITORS. HIS UNCLE IN AUSTRALIA HAS LEFT HIM £10,000!"
THAT'S ME!

Next week there's a racket when a rocket chases Mighty Moth!

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE and Touchwood, his Toad, are hungry, so Catweazle has taken a job as a waiter. He waits on Lady Bracerite and places a bowl of cold consomme, or soup, before her . . .



HOURS AND HOURS LATER...
GARDENER, WHAT IS THIS FELLER DOING IN MY POTTING SHED?
I WOULDNA KNOW, Y'R LORDSHIP. HE LOOKS LIKE A WAITER TO ME...

BY JOVE, OF COURSE... HE MUST BE THE EXTRA WAITER I ORDERED FOR MY DINNER PARTY TONIGHT. SEND HIM ROUND TO THE KITCHENS... THE FOOL MUST HAVE LOST HIS WAY...
CROAK!
THE KITCHENS! 'TIS WHERE THE FOOD IS KEPT, TOUCHWOOD! MAYHAP WE SHALL EAT AT LAST!

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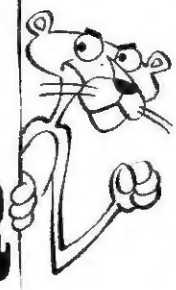
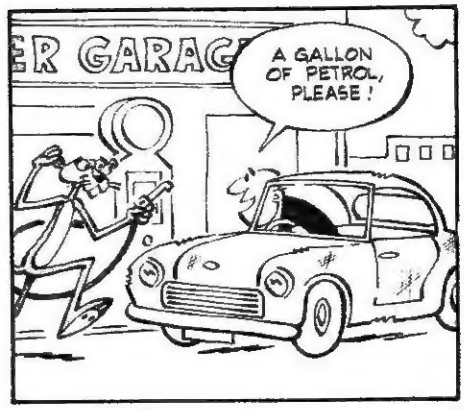
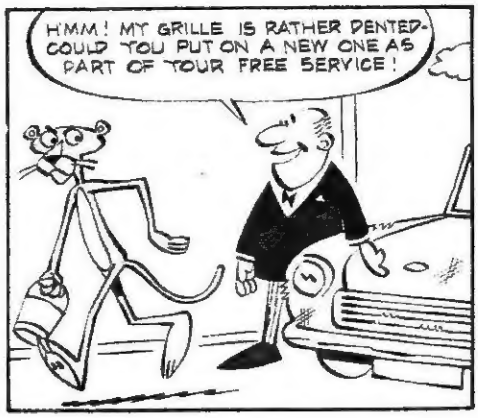
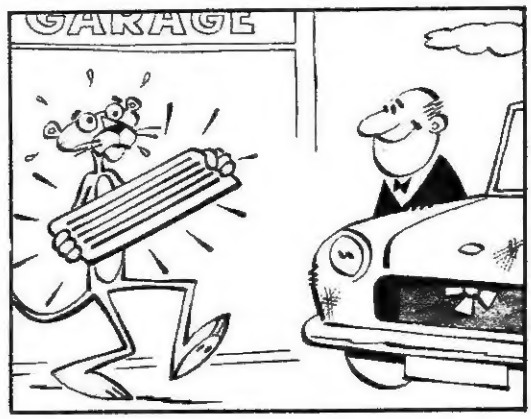
There's a real ' hunt ' next week at the hunt dinner.

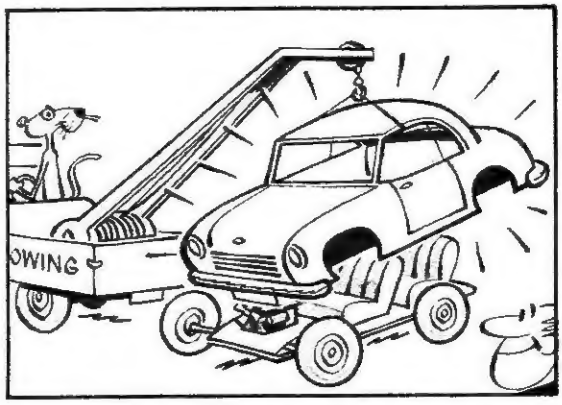
PINK PANTHER

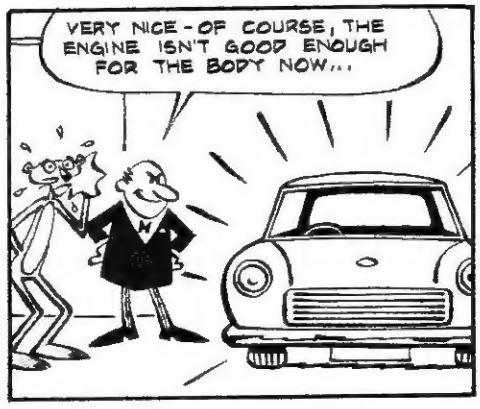


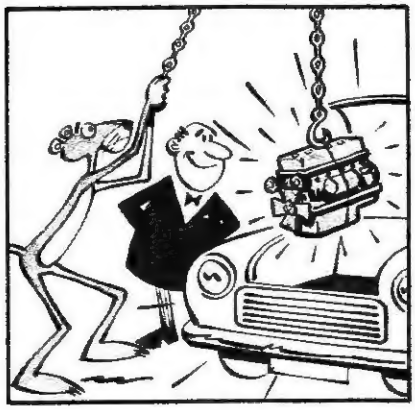


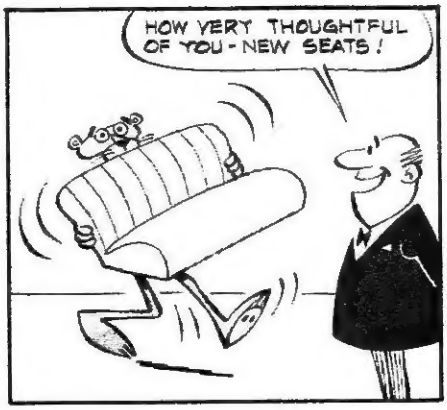












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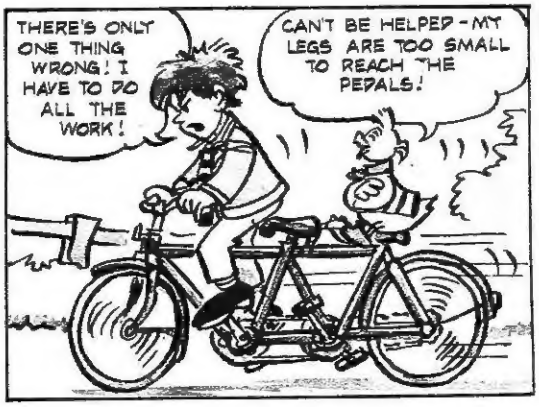
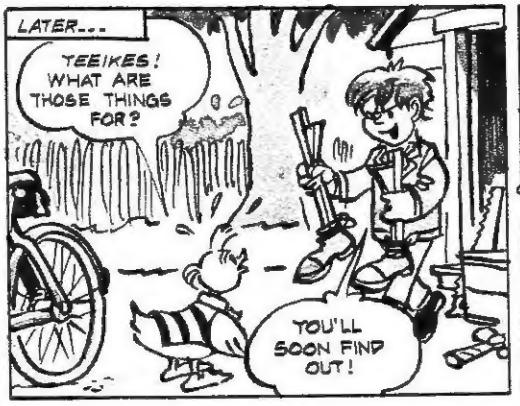
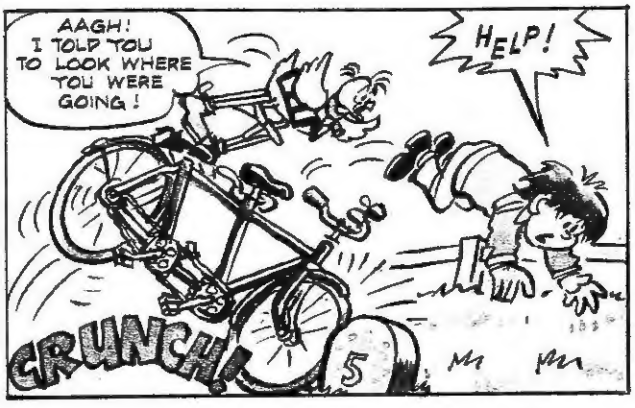
More laughs next week with Pink Panther.

Tich and Quackers







© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers.

Tich has a surprise and two black eyes next week.

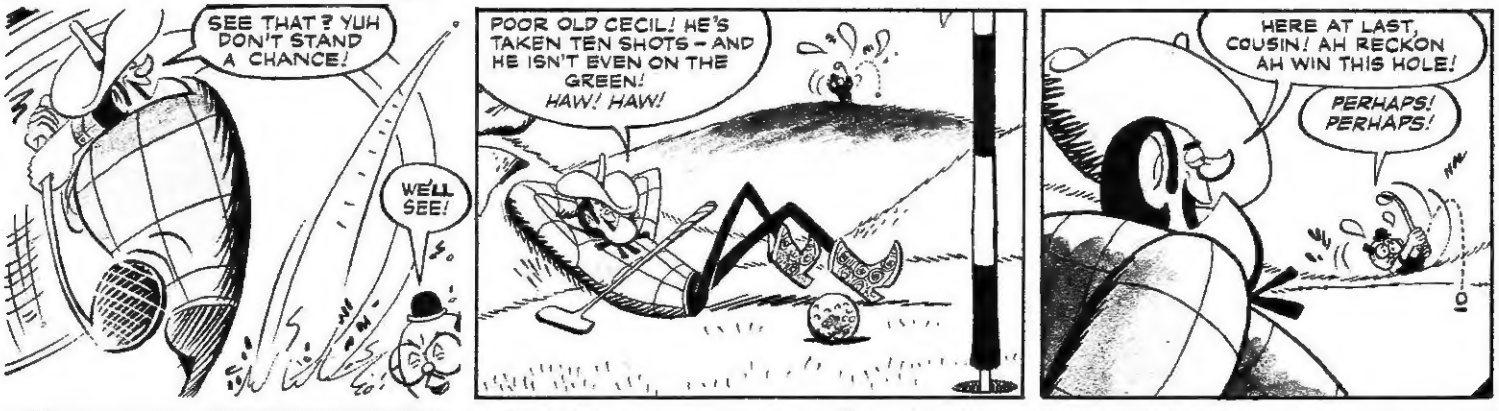
TEXAS TED

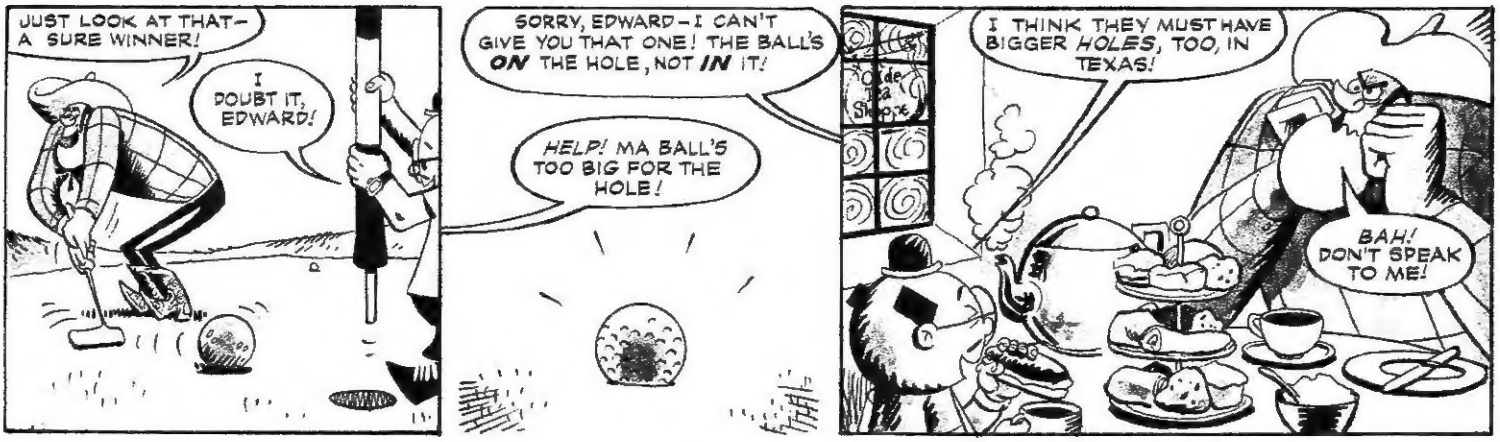
Big hat, big head

HOW ABOUT A GAME OF GOLF? YOU CAN USE MY CLUBS!
GOLF CLUBS? WE USE BIGGER MATCHSTICKS BACK HOME!
985
HELP! EDWARD HAS A SET OF HIS OWN – AND THEY'RE HUGE!
THAT'S RIGHT, COUSIN – EVERYTHING FROM TEXAS IS BIG!

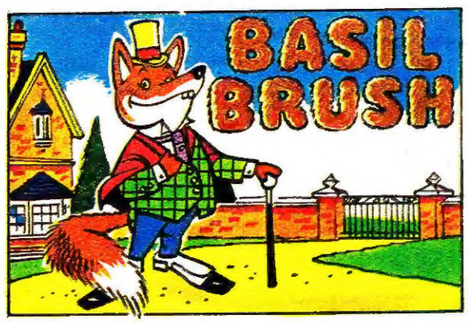
RIGHT – LET'S GO, COUSIN!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
DOGGONE IT! IS THIS THE COURSE? WHY, WE HAS BIGGER PUTTING GREENS BACK HOME!
LET'S GET ON WITH THE GAME, SHALL WE?
FRANK McDIARMID

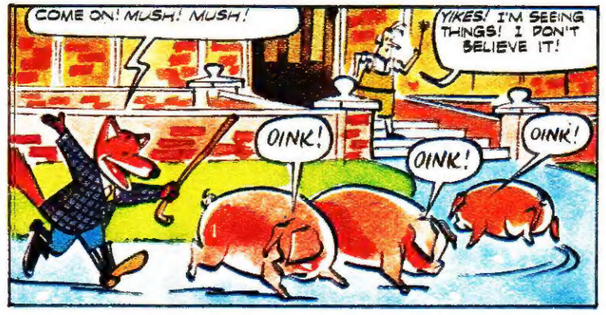
YOU'D BETTER USE A BRITISH BALL – HERE'S ONE OF MINE!
A GOLF BALL? THAT'S MORE LIKE A MARBLE!
AH'LL USE A TEXAS BALL – IT'S MORE MA SIZE!
B-BUT, YOU CAN'T PLAY WITH THAT! I'M SURE TO BEAT YOU!
NO, YOU WON'T! AH'M GOOD AT THIS GAME – LIKE ALL TEXANS!
I KNOW, COUSIN! B-BUT...
TELL YOU WHAT! AH'LL PLAY THE WHOLE ROUND WITH MA TEXAS BALL AND THE LOSER BUYS THE TEA! OKAY?
IF YOU INSIST, EDWARD! SIGH!

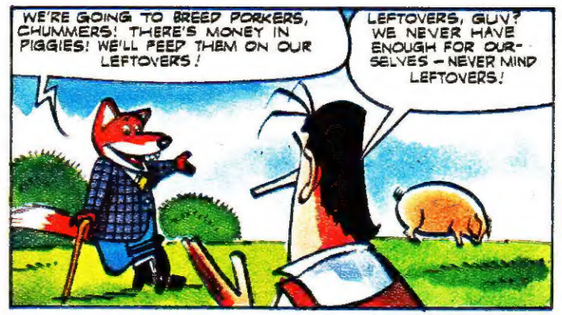

SEE THAT? YUH DON'T STAND A CHANCE!
WE'LL SEE!
POOR OLD CECIL! HE'S TAKEN TEN SHOTS – AND HE ISN'T EVEN ON THE GREEN! HAW! HAW!
HERE AT LAST, COUSIN! AH RECKON AH WIN THIS HOLE!
PERHAPS! PERHAPS!

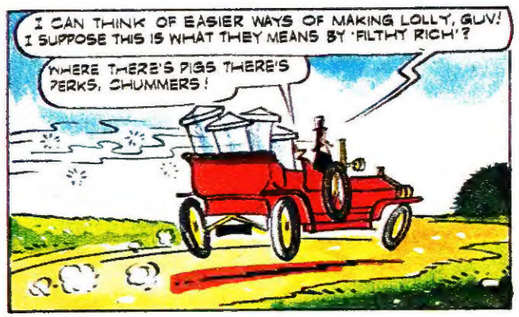

JUST LOOK AT THAT – A SURE WINNER!
I DOUBT IT, EDWARD!
SORRY, EDWARD – I CAN'T GIVE YOU THAT ONE! THE BALL'S ON THE HOLE, NOT IN IT!
HELP! MA BALL'S TOO BIG FOR THE HOLE!
I THINK THEY MUST HAVE BIGGER HOLES, TOO, IN TEXAS!
BAH! DON'T SPEAK TO ME!

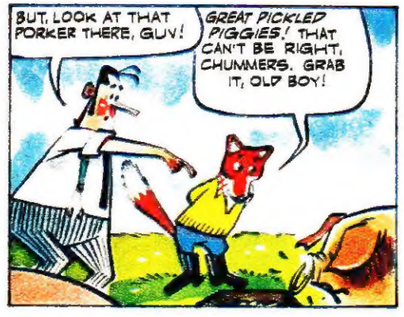
Next week Ted has a wrestling match—with a cow!

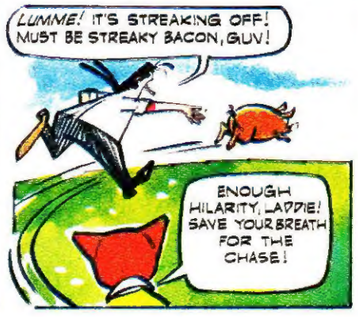


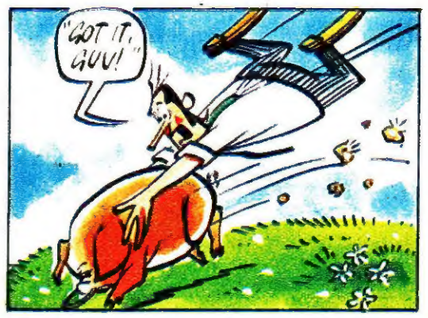


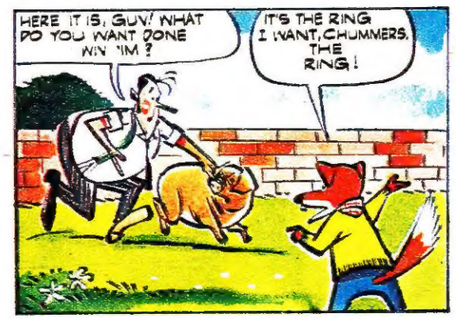

WE'RE GOING TO BREED PORKERS, CHUMMERS! THERE'S MONEY IN PIGGIES! WE'LL FEED THEM ON OUR LEFTOVERS!
LEFTOVERS, GUV? WE NEVER HAVE ENOUGH FOR OURSELVES – NEVER MIND LEFTOVERS!


I CAN THINK OF EASIER WAYS OF MAKING LOLLY, GUV! I SUPPOSE THIS IS WHAT THEY MEANS BY 'FILTHY RICH'?
WHERE THERE'S PIGS THERE'S PERKS, CHUMMERS!



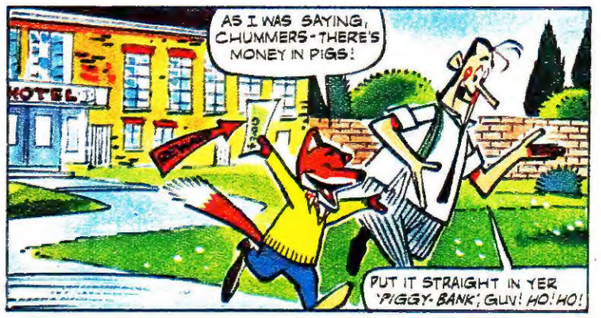






IT COULD ONLY HAVE COME FROM THE SWILL! WE SHALL HAVE TO TRY THE HOTELS AND HOUSES AND ENQUIRE IF ANYONE HAS LOST IT, CHUMMERS!

I SAY, BASIL! THIS IS LADY LOTSALOLLY'S BANGLE! IT'S PRICELESS! A FAMILY HEIRLOOM! SHE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR IT ALL DAY!
ALWAYS GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE!

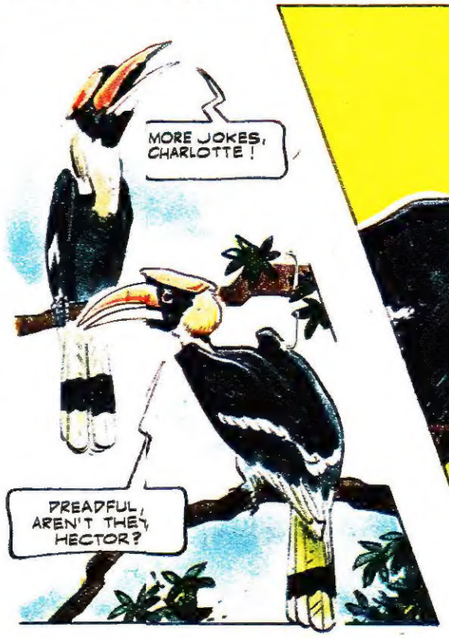


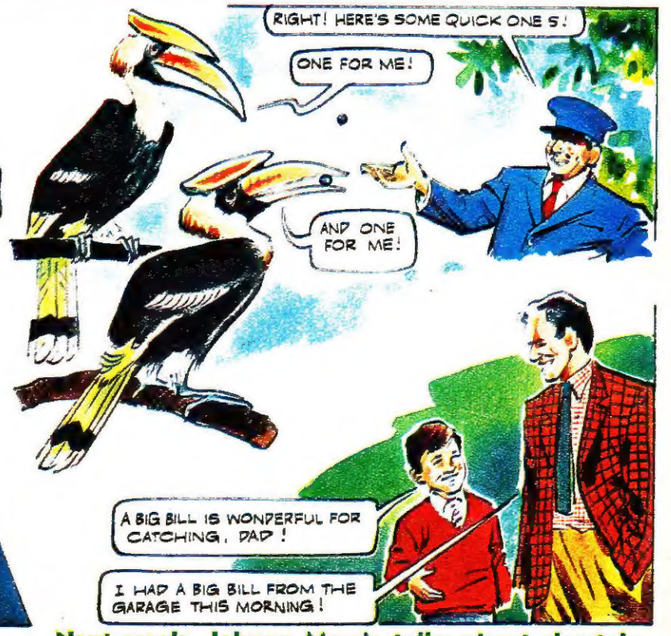
Terrific tee-hees next week with Basil's TV aerial.

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

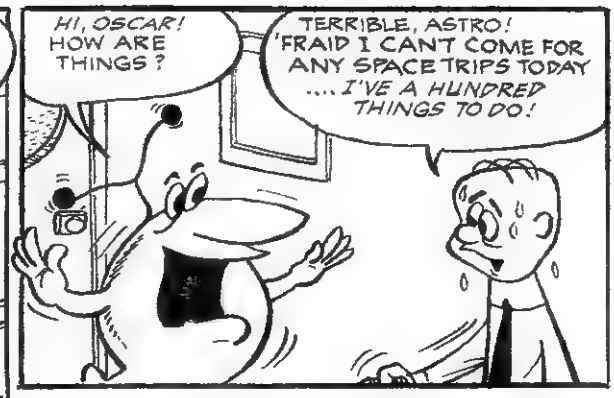
THE Indian Hornbill has an enormous beak. It's remarkable that it can fly with such a large bill. People often stare at them and wonder why they have such great big beaks.



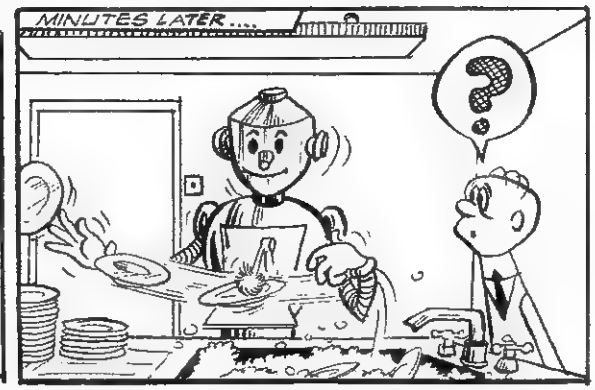

RIGHT! HERE'S SOME QUICK ONE S!
ONE FOR ME!
AND ONE FOR ME!
A BIG BILL IS WONDERFUL FOR CATCHING, DAD!
I HAD A BIG BILL FROM THE GARAGE THIS MORNING!

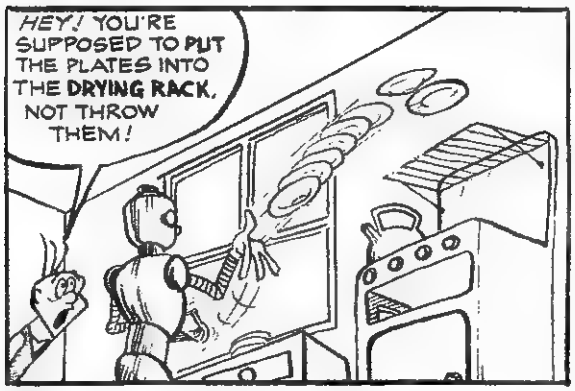
Next week Johnny Morris talks about cheetahs.

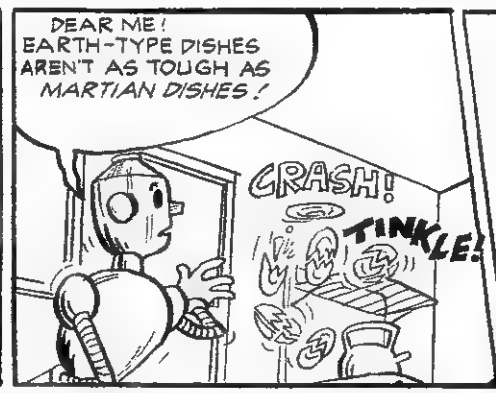
ASTRONUT

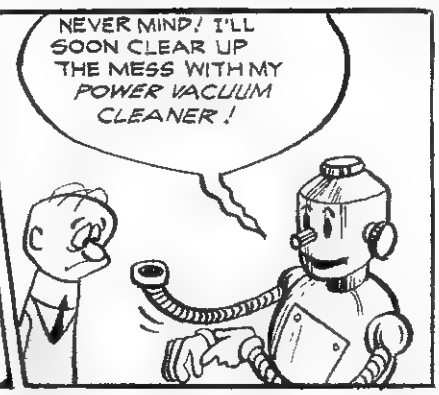


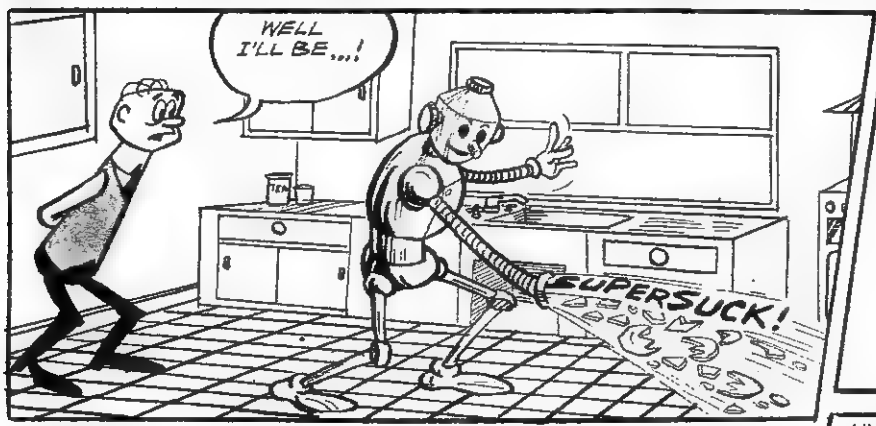
WHAT YOU NEED IS A HOME HELP... I'LL SEND ROBERTA, MY ROBOT HOUSEMAID, DOWN TO DO THE WASHING UP AND HOUSEWORK!
GEE THANKS, ASTRO!
SAUBA

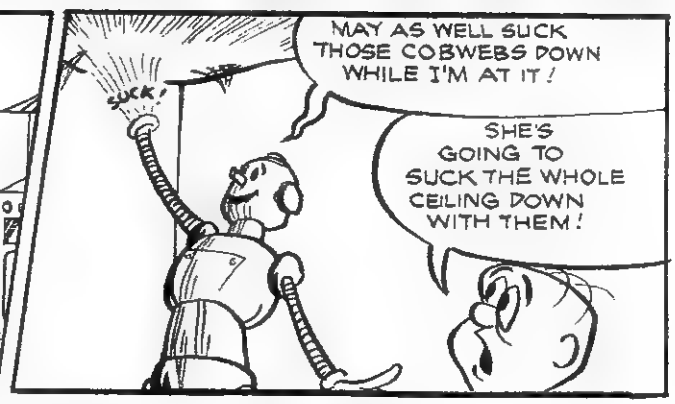


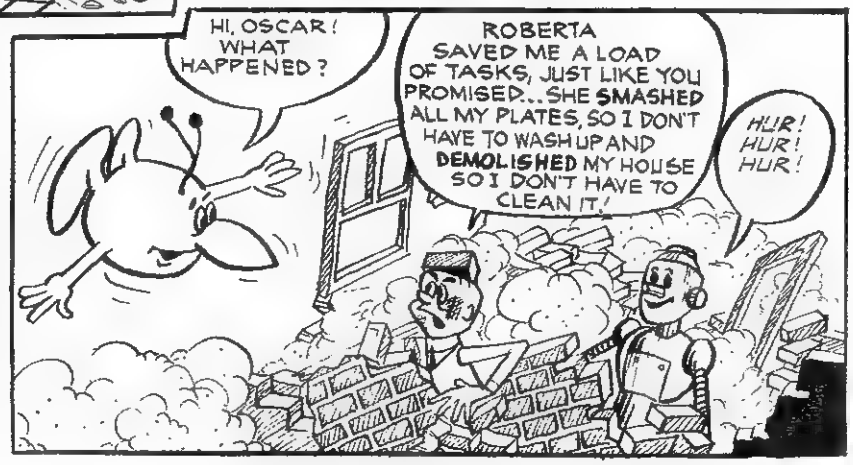











HI, OSCAR! WHAT HAPPENED?
ROBERTA SAVED ME A LOAD OF TASKS, JUST LIKE YOU PROMISED... SHE SMASHED ALL MY PLATES, SO I DON'T HAVE TO WASH UP AND DEMOLISHED MY HOUSE SO I DON'T HAVE TO CLEAN IT!
HUR! HUR! HUR!

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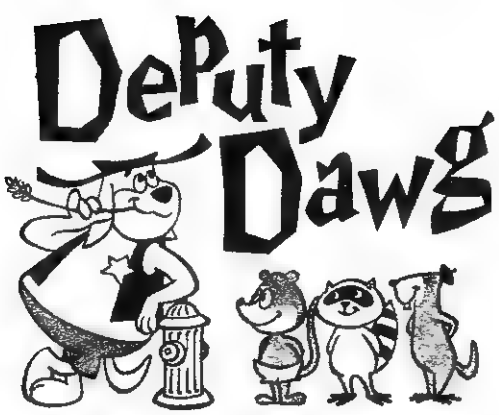
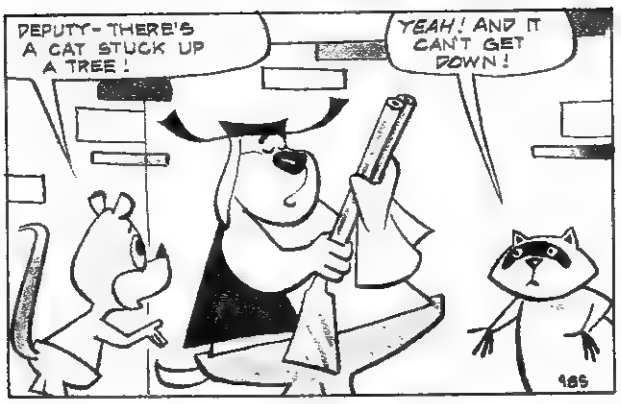
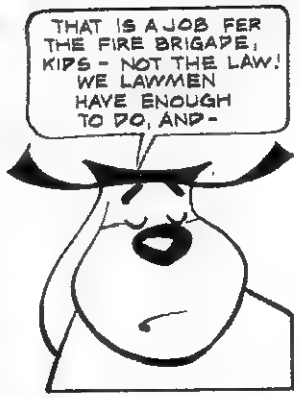
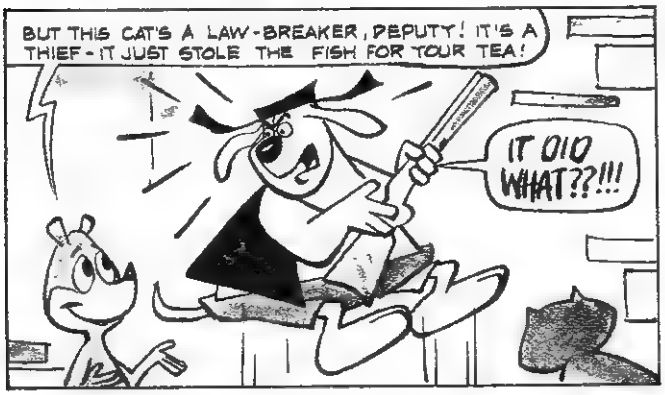
More fun in the depths of space next week.

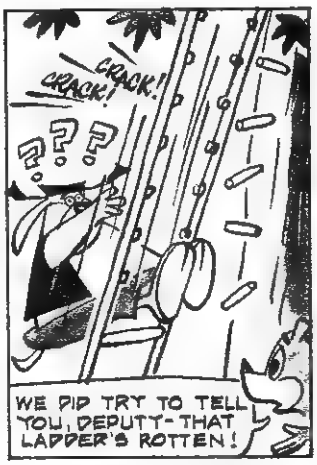
Deputy Dawg

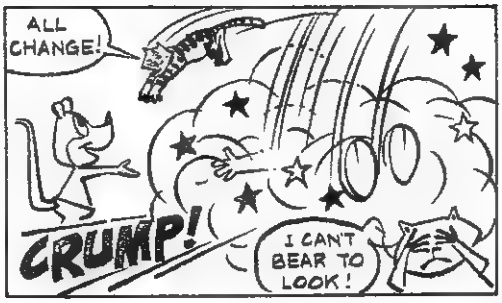


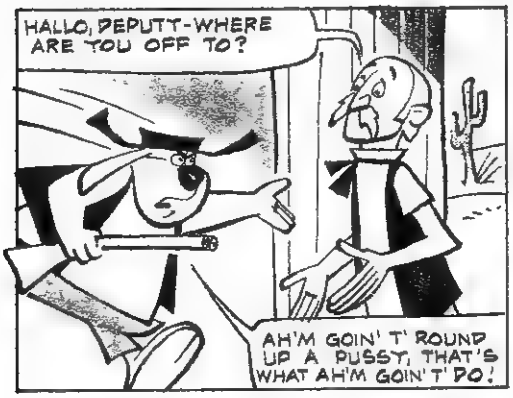


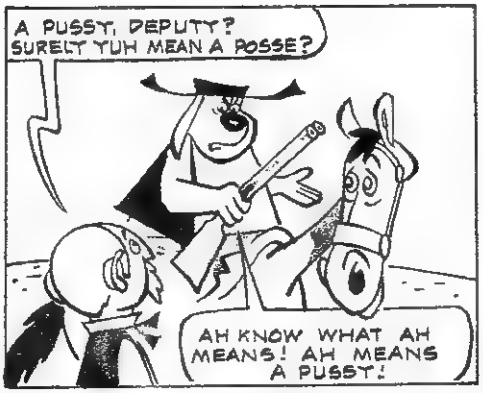












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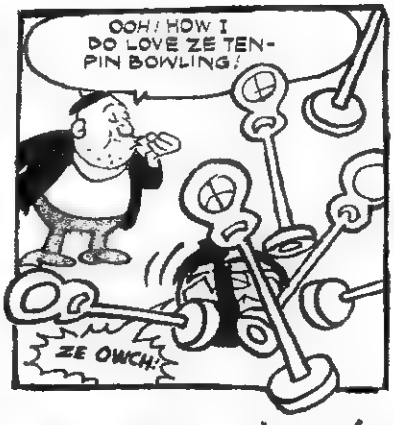
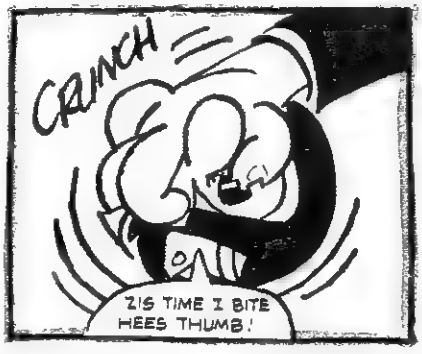
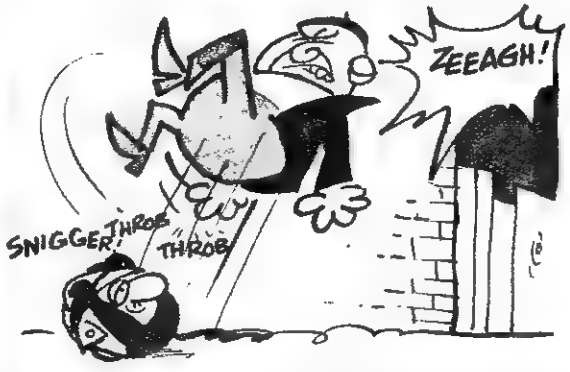
Deputy has a prickly time next week with a cactus.

The INSPECTOR

GRR! IF YOU DON'T GET ON ZE BALL SOON, INSPECTOR, I SHALL HAVE TO FIRE YOU! I SEE THERE HAVE BEEN TEN PARKING METERS STOLEN!
LEAVE IT TO ME, COMMISSIONER! I SHALL FETCH THEM BACK! SIGH!
985







YOU WILL FIND THE METERS DOWN DIXPIN ALLEY... AND ZE CROOK WHO STOLE THEM, COMMISSIONER!
ZE EEK. I TOLD YOU TO GET ON ZE BALL! B..BUT! GULP!

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Next week the Inspector takes the cake—with a bang!

BUGS BUNNY
PRESENTS...
BUBBLE TROUBLE
I'M PUTTING A SPECIALLY STRONG BUBBLE MAKING SOAP IN THAT LITTLE TWEETY BIRDS BATH!
985
NOW I WAIT TILL HE COMES FOR HIS MORNING BATH... AH! GOOD, HERE HE COMES NOW... OH BOY! IS HE IN FOR A SURPRISE?
SO... HEY! THIS WATER IS WERY BUBBWY THIS MORNING... I THINK SOMEBODY HAS BEEN PUTTING SOMETHING INTO IT!
CORRECT, PAL, THAT SOMEBODY WAS ME! I KNEW YOU'D BE TRAPPED INSIDE ONE OF THOSE SPECIALLY STRONG BUBBLES....
GULP!
SO NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WALK ALONG AND PUFF YOU TOWARDS THE NEAREST FRYING PAN, AND NOBODY WILL EVEN SUSPECT ME! CLEVER IDEA, EH?
BUT JUST THEN A BIG WIND STARTS TO BLOW...
BYE, BYE, PUTEY TAT! I'VE BEEN RESCWUED BY THE WIND!
HEY! COME BACK HERE!
OH LOOK! I'M BEEN BWOWN BACK HOME! I CAN SEE MY WITTLE BIRD BATH NOW!
PHEW! I HOPE THIS WIND DIES DOWN SOON! HE'S GAINING ON ME!
IF I DON'T MAKE A LEAP AT HIM NOW I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM!
SPLOSH!
YEE OIKS! I'VE TR,PPED OVER HIS BIRD BATH!
A LITTLE LATER...
GREAT FOGGY RAINDROPS! NOW AIN'T THAT THE DARNDEST LOOKIN' SIGHT I EVER DID SEE!
SAY! ARE YOU TWO HAVIN' SOME SORT OF A GAME... OR DO YOU NEED HELP? OR AM I A-HAVIN' THEM HALILUYANATIONS?
NO WE'RE TRAPPED IN HERE! HELP US, MR SAM!
OKAY, I WILL! SIT STILL AND I'LL A-BLAST THEM THERE BALLOONY THINGS FROM OFF O'YER!
BAM!
BAM!
PHEW! AM I GLAD TO GET OUT OF THAT! MAN, IT WAS GETTING STUFFY IN THERE!
POP! POP!
ME TOO!
OH DEAR! POOR, POOR OLE PUTEY TAT! HE HASN'T ANY WINGS AND HE'S FALLEN DOWN!
WOOSH!
WHEN THAT THERE DURN FOOL CAT WAKES UP, TELL HIM FROM ME... NEXT TIME HE FEELS LIKE FLYING IN BALLOONS HE SHOULD TAKE A PARACHUTE WITH HIM!

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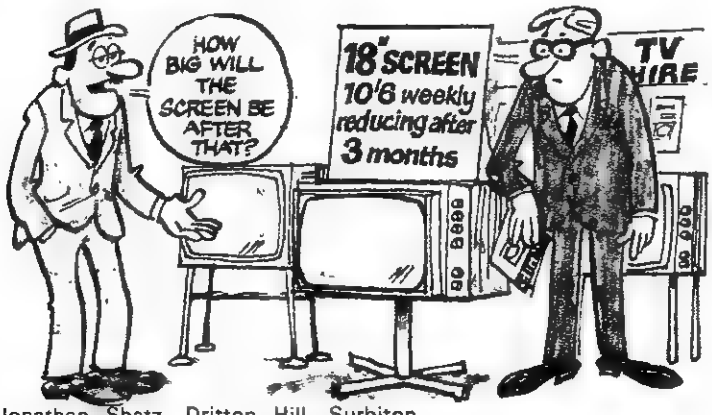
Putey-tat's on a string next week.

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green, 382/386 Edgware Road, London, W 2.



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LAUREL & HARDY

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OH, BOY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR GRANDPAPPY WAS MARSHAL OF DODGE CITY, OLLIE!
YES, SIR... SIXGUN HARDY... HE ONCE SHOT IT OUT WITH SOME OF THE TOUGHEST DESPERADOES IN THE WEST WITHOUT GETTING A SINGLE SCRATCH!
OLLIE'S FAMILY ALBUM
NOT A SINGLE SCRATCH AGAINST A GANG?... THAT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE... TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY!
OKAY, THEN... ARE YOU SITTING COMFORTABLY?
ONE DAY SIXGUN HARDY WAS RIDING TOWARDS DODGE CITY WHEN AN INDIAN'S BULLET SENT HIS REVOLVER FLYING FROM ITS HOLSTER!
BLATT!
POOOING!
THERE HE WAS, SURROUNDED BY INDIANS AND UNARMED... BUT THAT DIDN'T WORRY GRANDPAPPY!
WHOOP WHOOP WALLA
HE WHIPPED OFF HIS BRACES AND CATAPULTED CACTUS NEEDLES AT THE REDSKINS UNTIL THEY HEADED BACK FOR THE HILLS!
TWANG!
YOW!
UM!
TWANG!
NEWS OF GRANDPAPPY'S BRAVERY SOON REACHED THE TOWNSFOLK OF DODGE AND THEY MADE HIM SHERIFF, HOPING HE WOULD CLEAN UP THE TOWN!
HURRAH!
YIPPEE!
DODGE CITY
BUT THERE WAS MORE TO CLEANING UP DODGE THAN JUST SWEEPING THE STREETS... ONE DAY THE BLACK MASK GANG RODE IN, SPOILING FOR A FIGHT!
ARE YOU GONNA FIGHT US IN THE STREET LIKE A MAN... OR ARE YOU GONNA HIDE BEHIND YER TIN STAR?
I AIN'T SCARED O' YOU PESKY CRITTERS!
I'LL MEET YOU AT THE FAR END O' TOWN AT HIGH NOON FER A SHOWDOWN!
WE'LL BE THERE! HAW! HAW!
YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THEM ALL ALONE, SHERIFF!
DON'T YOU FRET NONE, SIDEKICK... THEY GAVE ME AN IDEA WHEN THEY SAID WAS I GONNA HIDE BEHIND MY STAR!
POOOING!
BOUNCE!
BANG!
BLATT!
LET'S GET OUTA HERE FAST... THE CUNNING CRITTER'S GOT THE DROP ON US!
SHERIFF, DING!
BANG!
SO NOW YOU KNOW HOW SIXGUN HARDY CAME UP TO SCRATCH WITHOUT GETTING A SCRATCH!
HAW! HAW! HAW!
AND SO AT HIGH NOON, GRANDPAPPY MET THE DESPERADOES... HIDDEN BEHIND A STAR MADE FOR HIM BY THE TOWN'S BLACKSMITH!

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DOCTOR WHO

THE Police and Fire Brigades of Britain are often faced with serious fires, but never one like that which is destroying an old inn on the Salisbury Plain . . .

TOO LATE TO SAVE IT... WE MUST BE TEN MILES FROM THE NEAREST VILLAGE.
WHAT CAUSED IT?
WE'RE NOT SURE. THE FIRE CHIEF'S TALKING TO THE OWNER NOW. LUCKILY NO ONE WAS HURT!
985

THE FIRE CHIEF CONSULTS THE POLICE, WHO IN TURN TALK TO THE HOME OFFICE...
YES, THAT'S RIGHT... HIS NAME IS DR. WHO. HE'S THE MOST AMAZING CHAP. HE'LL SOLVE YOUR FIRE MYSTERY.
RIGHT, SIR... THANK YOU... I'LL CALL HIM RIGHT AWAY!

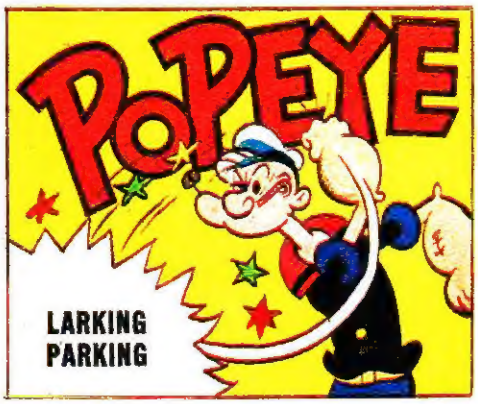
AND SO...
I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, DOCTOR, WE'RE BAFFLED!
IT SOUNDS VERY INTERESTING. YES... I'LL JOIN YOU AT THE SITE OF THE FIRE TOMORROW MORNING!

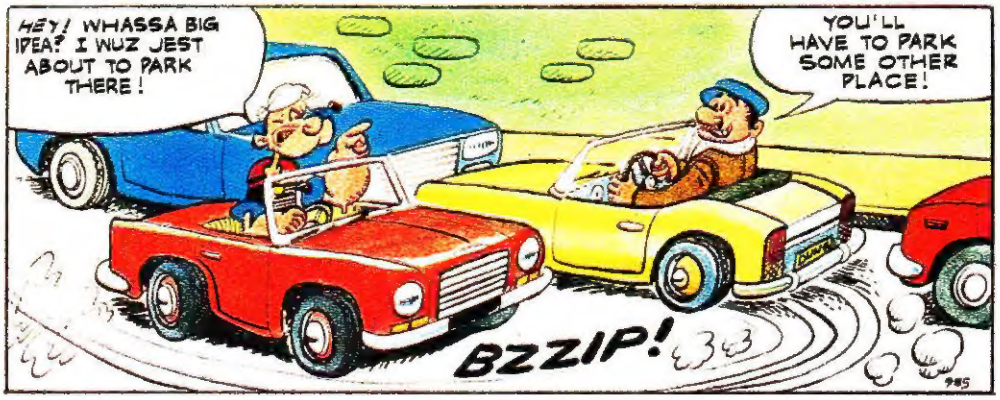
THAT EVENING, AT THE LONDON BASE OF THE ACADEMY OF HIGHER SCIENCES, DR. WHO ATTENDS A LECTURE...
AND SO THE STUDY OF VOLCANOES COULD UNLOCK THE SECRETS ABOUT OUR PLANET... EVEN THE UNIVERSE ITSELF!
VOLCANOLOGY... THE NEW SCIENCE. HERR PROFESSOR VINTER IS HIGHLY QUALIFIED!
YES... HE HAS STUDIED MOST OF THE EARTH'S ACTIVE VOLCANO AREAS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET HIM?

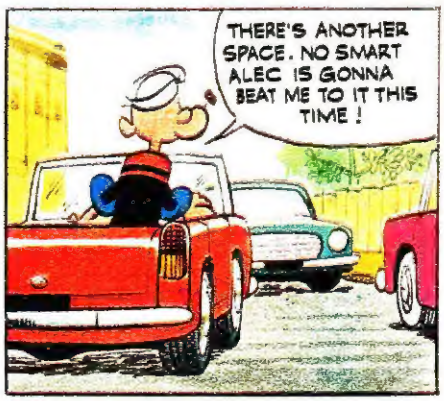
© BBC tv 1970

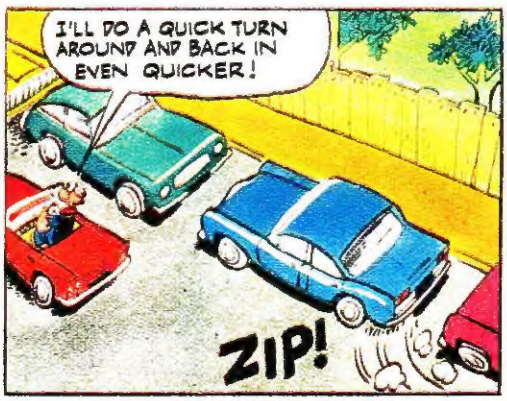
DOCTOR WHO IS ONE OF OUR MORE KNOWLEDGEABLE FELLOWS, HERR PROFESSOR!
INDEED. IN WHICH FIELD OFF SCIENCE?
ALL AREAS, PROFESSOR... TAKE VOLCANOLOGY. I'M NOT AN AUTHORITY LIKE YOURSELF, BUT I GET BY.
VERY INTERESTING. WE MUST HAVE A LONG CHAT SOME DAY. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A BUSY TOUR AHEAD!
THAT'S A SHAME. I WAS GOING TO INVITE YOU TO COME WITH ME TO WILTSHIRE!
HERR VINTER PULLS AWAY SUDDENLY...
HE LOOKED QUITE WORRIED WHEN I MENTIONED WILTSHIRE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MAN THAT WORRIES ME!
PROFESSOR VINTER DRIVES OUT OF LONDON... AND MAKES HIS WAY TO A DEEP WOOD...
I MUST WORK FAST. THIS DOCTOR LOOKS HARMLESS ENOUGH, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT WORRIES ME!
PULLING ASIDE SOME BUSHES, THE PROFESSOR REVEALS...
OH FIRES OF THE EARTH... HEAR ME! GREAT POWER OF THE BURNING TONGUES... SHOW ME YOU ARE NEAR!
SUDDENLY...
AHA! MIGHTY MASTERS OF SEARING HEAT... HEARKEN TO THE WORDS OF YOUR SERVANT!
OUR WORK IS IN DANGER. WE MUST PROTECT OUR PLANS! WE MUST DESTROY THE ONE KNOWN AS DOCTOR WHO!

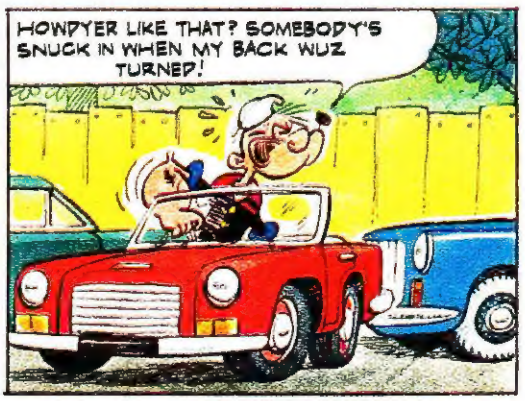
Fire Demons! Read next week's thrilling instalment.

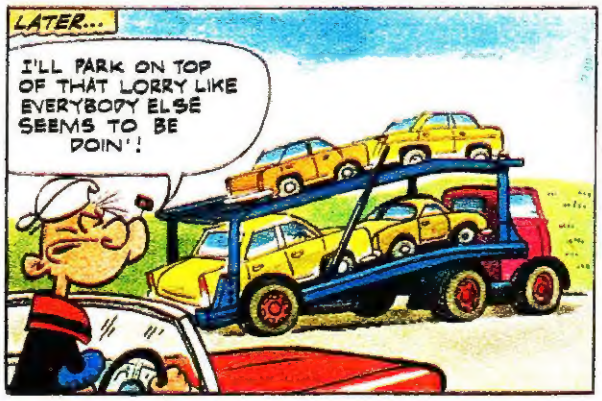


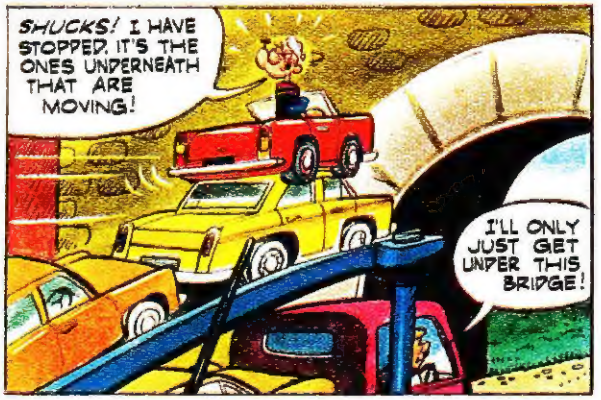


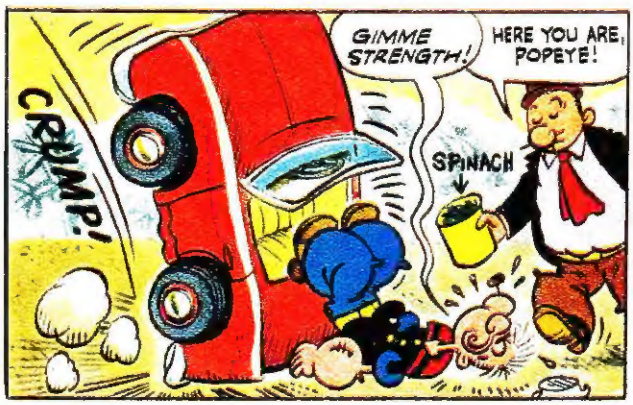


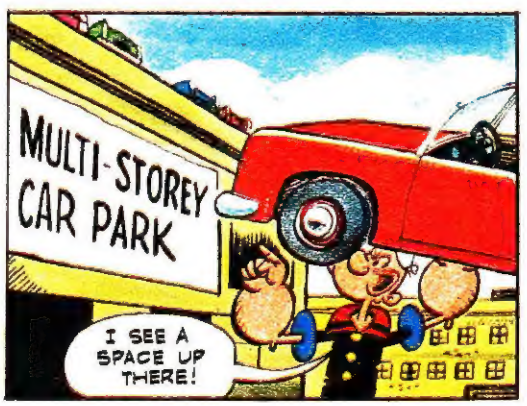


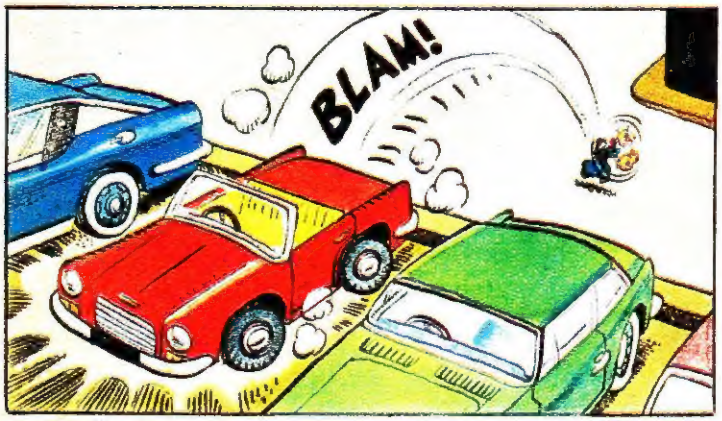


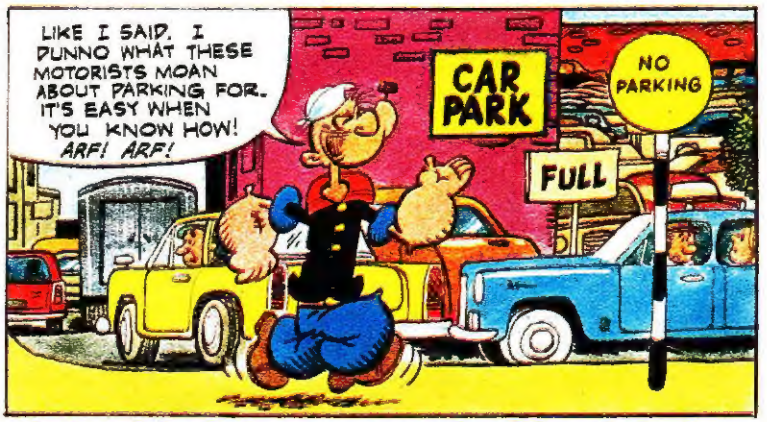












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There's a 'hair-raising' time next week with a hair dryer.